

TWO ABBEVILLE MEN ARE TRAGEDY VICTIMS

Calhoun Cason of City and Pat McKelvey, of County Drown in Savannah River.

News and Courier.

Abbeville, July 30.—J. Calhoun Cason of Abbeville, and Pat McKelvey of Mount Carmel, this county, were drowned this afternoon in the Savannah river, at Millwood, several miles from Calhoun Falls. McKelvey's body has been recovered, but at a late hour tonight the body of Cason had not been found. Both young men were above 24 years of age.

The victims of this deplorable tragedy were members of a camping party that went to Millwood Monday for a week's outing. Details of the affair are meagre, but from what can be learned it seems that a number of the campers were in bathing at the time and in some manner these young men lost their lives in the water.

Mr. Cason was a clerk in the Abbeville postoffice, where he had been employed about six years. He was a son of the late Samuel C. Cason, an attorney of this bar, and Mrs. Lizzie Marshall Cason. He is survived by his mother, a sister, Miss Marian, and a brother, Henry, of Anderson, besides two half-sisters and a half-brother.

Calhoun Cason was popular with a wide circle of friends and acquaintances here and his untimely end has brought sorrow to many.

LANDING IN HAITI COSTS TWO AMERICAN LIVES

Washington Learns of Casualties Among Bluejackets Landing in Port au Prince.

Washington, July 30.—Two American bluejackets were killed last night in an attack by natives on Port au Prince, Haiti, held by Rear Admiral Caperton with 400 men from the cruiser Washington.

The attacking party was beaten off and order was maintained in the city itself. No sailors were wounded and the loss of the attackers was not reported. The dead are: William Gompers, seaman, of Brooklyn, and Cason S. Whitehurst, ordinary seaman, of Norfolk. Reinforcements had been ordered to Haiti before word of fighting was received.

The battleship Connecticut will sail from Philadelphia tomorrow with 500 marines and the navy transport Hancock, at Philadelphia, also will go, it is said, although it is not known what force she will take.

Admiral Caperton's message gave few details. It showed, however, that he had been warned of the intention of the Haitians to attack, and early in the evening Capt. Beacon of the Washington, commanding ashore, moved his men out to the edge of the city, leaving strong guards to maintain order in the town. Haitian soldiers and civilians within the city were disarmed yesterday to prevent sniping.

Attack at Night.
The attack came at 8 o'clock last night, the bluejackets bearing the brunt of the fighting from the brush beyond the last houses. The snipers opened the fight. The attackers were driven off, but not before Gompers and Whitehurst had been killed.

The following summary of Admiral Caperton's terse report was given out at the navy department: "Admiral Caperton reports from Port au Prince that, owing to a report that the town would likely be attacked during the night, he made disposition of his forces for defense at 5 p. m. Attack from south about 8 p. m. Sniping from brush in outskirts of town. Two killed in the seaman battalion, none wounded. Successfully repulsed attack. Maintained quiet and order in interior of city throughout night."

TALK OF ELECTION IN NEAR SEPTEMBER

Correspondent Discusses Prohibition Question to Be Decided Soon in South Carolina.

To the Editor of The State:

Please allow me space in your valuable columns for some more talk concerning the election set for September 14. In my simple-mindedness I thought, when I wrote on July 5 (without really examining the act) that the battle was to be all along the line, for I did not suspect that the object (for the present) was only to override the will of the people of the dispensary counties. Since then I see that the purpose is to set aside the principle of local option and have the rest of the State to manage the business of those counties; in other words to take from them the privilege of getting wholesome beverages, and leave them to seek their stimulants through blind tigers, bootleggers and "dope" medicines. The prohibitionists are more cunning than I thought them. They expect to marshal their forces throughout the State, and they expect anti-prohibitionists in other counties

to be indifferent to the fate of the 15 counties. That is, they expect us "antis" in Newberry to say to ourselves, "We need not trouble ourselves about the dispensary counties, and, therefore, have no need to vote." And I predict that very many voters in the non-dispensary counties will act accordingly—that is, will not act at all. So this movement is a wedge, like the German drives against the Russians.

Where, however, the line is broken, we may expect a general advance. If the majority for prohibition is great, I count upon the poor little one-gallon privilege to be swept away at the next session of the legislature, for that will only be "following the crowd," as astute politicians are always expected to do. Then we must take our chance with the blind tiger, the bootlegger and "dope"—which things will do a wonderful business. Those who, like me, are afraid of the tigers wares and the apothecary's drugs, must then—do without. Unfortunately great numbers of our people have not any dread of those things. Thousands of them have already been driven to "dope" medicines by the furious clamor against "liquor."

I recall at this moment only three integral communities of white men authentically reported in history to have used no alcoholic stimulants. One of these was a German (or Gallic) tribe, which fought Julius Caesar. They fought well; but they were conquered by the wine-drinking Romans. A second was the Rechabites. Their worth is pretty plainly shown by their sowing no seed and building no houses. They soon disappeared and the world did not miss them. The third are the Turks and their Mohammedan brethren—who are hindmost in all science, art and material prosperity, and murder Christian men, assault Christian women and make slaves of their own women.

Our people ought to learn a few facts. In a population of more than 60,000,000 in the registration States and cities of the United States, there were, in 1912, 838,251 deaths, of which only 3,183 were caused by alcoholic drink—a little more than one in every 20,000 of population. And in most of those States there is the destructive saloon. At the same rate, in the remaining States of the Union—these having about 30,000,000 of inhabitants—the deaths would be about 1,600 from alcoholic drink, which would make less than 5,000 deaths from that cause in the whole population of more than 90,000,000—less than one person in every 18,000. Yet, in the face of these facts, Hobson, the hero of the bungle at Santiago, and one of the leaders of prohibition, had the effrontery to say, in congress on December 22, 1914, that alcohol kills 2,000 people in America per day, or 730,000 per year. More men were killed in each of the battles of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville than dies in the United States in a year from alcohol, and from May 4 to June 4, 1864, in Virginia, fully twice as many men were killed as die in a year from alcohol in the same country. Yet Hobson says we lose more men by death from alcohol every year than have been killed in battle in 2,300 years! What faith is to be placed in the statements of speakers for a party when a chief champion and mouth-piece deliberately utters such outrageous fabrications? I have not space here to set forth the details, but any one who will examine official statistics will find that in the matters of mortality, crime, pauperism and divorce, there is no material difference between the "wet" States and the "dry" ones—although most of the "wet" have the evil of the saloon. Alcohol, as much harm as its excessive use does, is not (to borrow a word from the Greeks) the panacea, or kill-all, and prohibition is as little the panacea or cure-all.

J. F. J. Caldwell.

Newberry.

SNAKE MAKES MILK PUNCH.

Lactal Fluid, Eggs and Steel Tool Found in Its Stomach.

Winham, N. Y., Dispatch to the New York World.

Peter Mattoon, the genial mayor of this village, has lately been complaining of the falling off of the output of his cows and hens. He knows the cause now, for upon the matutinal visit to the barn-garage today he espied a seven-foot milk snake milking one of his cows.

Grasping a tire iron, Peter dispatched the snake, and, curious to learn the nature of sundry bulges and lumps adorning the anatomy of the reptile, performed an autopsy.

The following was disclosed:
One pint and a quarter of milk.
One new-laid egg.
One partly digested egg.
One five-cent steel center punch.
N. B.—Winham is a "dry" town. Winham's only druggist, for conscientious reasons, will not handle Sunday papers. Mr. Mattoon has no use for any liquids more potent than maple syrup.

WHEN DUST GOES BANG.

Some Domestic Commodities As Explosive as Gunpowder.

Many mysterious explosives which at one time baffled the ingenuity of our keenest detectives, have been recently explained by the cold, methodical researches of our chemists, who, it will be remembered, also warned the government not to let Germany have cotton to manufacture gun-cotton.

The men of science have not been able to wipe out the miseries that have been caused to the thousands of persons who have been convicted or condemned of arson, and other similar crimes, without a cause, but they have certainly succeeded in teaching the police to be very careful before they blame any householder or manufacturer or servant for an explosion and the key to their researches has been always the same—dust.

How many cooks, for example, realize that the ordinary everyday flour they use in their kitchens is one of the most dangerous of explosives? Recent calculations show that the contents of a 25-pound sack of flour mixed with 4,000 cubic feet of air, will, if ignited, throw a mass of iron weighing one ton 45 miles through the air. Indeed, many disastrous explosions have occurred in big flour mills from this cause, wrecking huge buildings and causing heavy loss of life.

Unhappily flour is not the only domestic commodity that is as dangerous in its destructive effects as gunpowder, and hourly threatens our homes with red ruin. Every now and then a sweet factory get blown up in spite of the vigilance of the government inspectors, the watchfulness of the insurance companies, and the zeal of its foreman. Such an explosion occurred not long ago in Boston. It originated in a room where marshmallows were being made. These sweets are coated with finely pulverized sugar and the hot and dry air on a summer's day laden with sugar dust, with the result that the mixture ignited, a lot of workers were injured, and many of the buildings were set on fire.

It is nothing new to hear also of explosions of starch in starch mills, and of rice in rice mills, and in each instance the blame is to be attributed to the innocent-looking commodities, and not to the malice or carelessness of the employees. Oatmeal, too, has been known to go off with dire results, and a great breakfast commodity mill not long ago was sent en bloc heavenwards owing to some maize dust mixed with air.

Spice dust in spice mills has also wrought similar damage, and all linoleum is now manufactured under special precautions against fire, because sad experience has shown how easily cork dust and the cement used in linoleum manufacture will ignite, or even take fire of their own accord.

Soap is another domestic suspect. It has set fire to a ship in the mouth of the Thames. Only a few years ago there was a great explosion in a soap factory engaged in the production of finely powdered soap. "Some enemy had done this thing!" muttered the proprietor, but as a matter of fact he and the detectives who hunted for criminals were for months on the wrong scent. "Soap is fat, and therefore combustible," the chemists reminded him. "Your soap powder was dry, and it got freely distributed through the air when it exploded with more violence and greater heat than flour or starch."

Zinc has been known to cause explosions. The story is often told how a workman once handling a quantity of finely powdered metallic zinc when he got a spell of laziness, and to save further trouble, threw a shovelful into a flaming furnace. There was a terrific explosion. The blade of his shovel was driven into the roof of the building, and he got half killed.

Malt mills are also not immune from perils of explosion. In fact, detectives nowadays, when they are faced with explosions, the origin of which they can not fathom, are always instructed by their superiors to remember human agency may not be the cause, but—dust.—Pearson's Weekly.

Off the Course.

A good many years ago a steamer was sailing down a certain river, with a shrewd old Yankee captain in command. Suddenly the engines stopped and the steamer remained motionless for several minutes. The passengers began to talk among themselves, and one of them, a portly, pompous person, advanced to the captain.

"What seems to be the trouble, captain?" he inquired. "Why have we stopped?"

"Too much fog," answered the captain, curtly.

"But I can see the stars overhead quite plainly," argued the persistent individual.

"Mebbe ye can," admitted the captain, grimly. "But unless the b'ilers bust, we ain't goin' that way!"

CAN CALL WIFE CHICKEN.

So Rules St. Louis Judge When Woman Complains.

St. Louis Dispatch to the Louisville Herald.

A man has a right to call his wife a chicken, Police Judge Hogan ruled in a special case. He added that the wife ought to have liked it, particularly if she was getting toward the age at which a woman is sometimes designated an "old hen."

Charles E. Watkins, a clerk, was arraigned on the complaint of his wife, Anna Watkins, of 4194 Manchester avenue, that he had called her "vile names," among them "some chicken." Judge Hogan dismissed the case.

Mrs. Watkins, who is very young looking, was married nineteen years ago and is the mother of four children. She and Watkins separated five years ago.

Mosquitoes.

Spartanburg Herald.

The department of public health of the city devotes the front page of its bulletin for June to pointers for a successful war on the mosquito. So far, Mr. Mosquito has not arrived, but it is perhaps just as well to consider a few days in advance of his schedule the character of the reception to be given him, in case he should put in an appearance. Here is a little information about mosquitoes that the health department would have you store away for your guidance in cooperating with that department in eliminating the pest:

"No standing water, no mosquitoes. No malaria, no yellow fever. Mosquitoes breed only in water, either fresh or polluted. They do not breed in grass; but rank grasses, weeds and other forms of plant life affords a safe shelter for the adult insects. It is therefore desirable that rank weeds and grasses be closely cut.

"Inspection by the health department has shown that there are many mosquito breeding receptacles to be found in back yards, vacant lots, alleys, areas in and about stables, sheds and the space underneath verandas, such as barrels, garbage buckets, tubs, pails, water-troughs, glazed flower pots, cans, bottles and boxes. These receptacles should be emptied of water and should be broken and buried.

"If a barrel, bucket or other receptacles must contain water, it should be emptied and washed out every four, or five days; or covered, or screened tightly to prevent the entrance or exit of mosquitoes.

"Before leaving for the summer thoroughly cleanse the house garbage bucket and place it empty in the house cellar. It should never be left standing with water in it, either in or outside the house, during the mosquito season.

"House gutters frequently become obstructed and defective. They should be cleansed and straightened that they may drain thoroughly.

"Stable cellars very often contain stagnant water. These cellars should be thoroughly drained.

"Catch basins, cesspools and stagnant water should be oiled every two weeks. Use one ounce of oil to every ten square feet of water surface. The suppression of mosquitoes is furthered by efficient drainage or filling of wet areas. Kerosene oil can be used where draining or filling is impracticable.

"Trouble from mosquitoes about your house indicates standing water either on or closely adjacent to your premises.

"Mosquitoes as a rule do not appear very far away from their breeding places."

USED APPENDIX AS BAIT.

So Alleges Patient Whose Physician Friend Caught the Fish.

Smith, La., Dispatch to the New Orleans Item.

Bill Case is mad. He says that it is all right for Doc Holmes to be a fisherman, but he'll be dog gone if Doc didn't carry it too far with him, and that he is entitled to the three-ounce trout Doc caught.

Bill and Doc went fishing the first two days of the season and brought in nice catches. A couple of days later Bill was taken sick.

His wife called up Doc on the 'phone and caught him just as he was starting fishing. Doc hustled over to Bill's house. He diagnosed the cast as appendicitis, got out his instruments, performed the operation, got Bill back to bed and hurried off to go fishing.

He came back to see how Bill was doing and brought in the big trout to show his patient, who nearly had a relapse. Now Bill declares Doc just operated on him to get his appendix for bait and that he caught that big trout with it.

Livestock to the Pale and Sickly.

The Old Standard general strengthening tonic, GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out Malaria, enriches the blood, and builds up the system. A true tonic for adults and children. 50c

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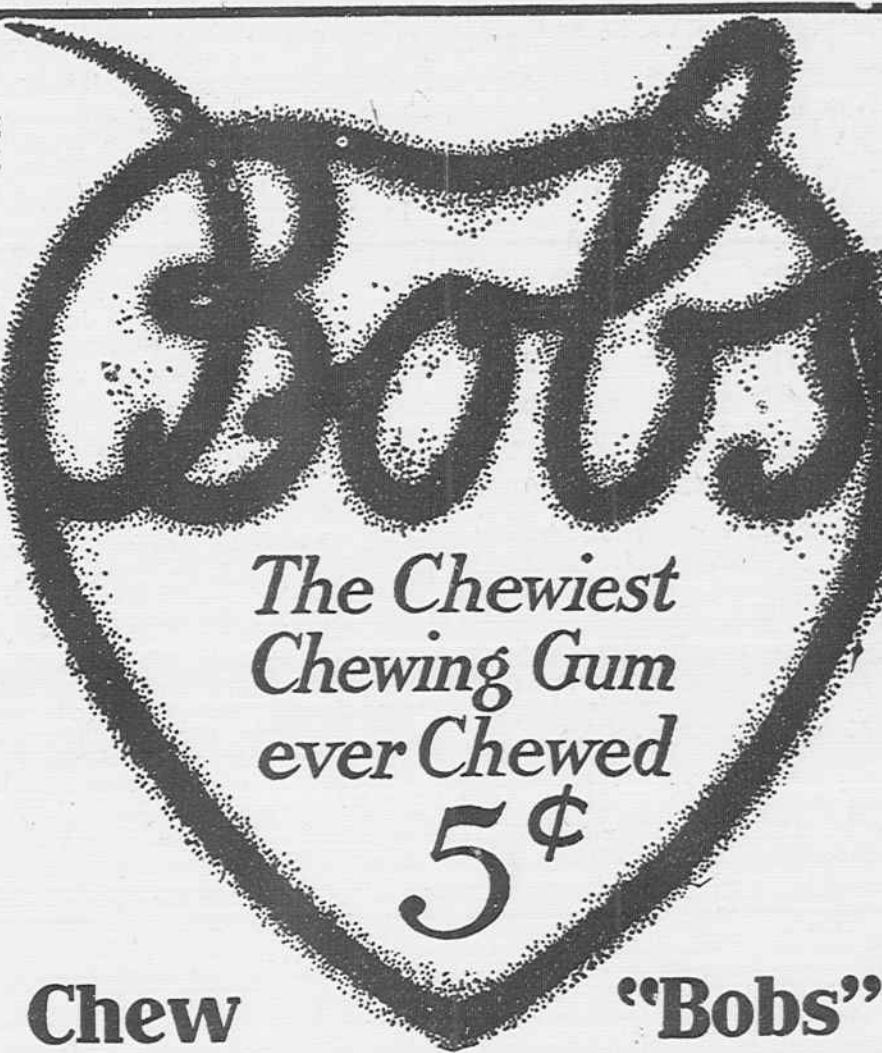
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NOTICE TO TRUSTEES.

It is utterly impossible for the County Auditor to know the location and amount of real and personal property in districts having a special tax, unless he has the assistance of the trustees of the special districts. I therefore request and urge that all

trustees of special school districts meet in the Auditor's office at different times between now and the 15th of August, 1915, and check over the returns and place the amount of real and personal property due to be taxed in their respective districts.

Eugene S. Werts,
County Auditor.

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